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PICTURE PAGEANT

MARCH

10¢

1942

FIRST ISSUE

AMERICA'S

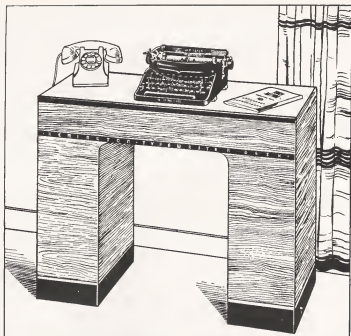
NEWEST and BEST

PICTURE MAGAZINE



DONA DRAKE

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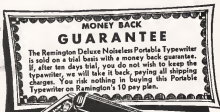
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MARCH, 1942

Vic Vixman, Editor



DONA DRAKE
Paramount Starlet



The ham what am—ready, willing and wriggly.
This little pig went to market, the other ended up in the soup.



Don't make a pig of yourself, little porker, stick to business.



This little pig cried "whoo, whoo, whoo" all the way home.

Virginia's half baked ham wants to go chop chop.





The end of the trail for the three little pigs. They'll probably
indway up at the utherbay.

WATCH THE PORK CHOP CHOP

BRINGING home the bacon is a tough proposition any way you look at it, but did you ever try to bring 35 pounds of live, squealing, wriggling bacon home in your arms? Neither did we, but ten brave dancing girls manipulated a pig apiece through a knock-down, rough and tumble Pig Sweepstake in San Francisco. Born in a press agent's brain, the idea of casting girls before swine was presented to the Helene Hughes Dancers, who gleefully accepted. Before the contest was over the girls had crawled over fences, waded through mud and climbed through ditches. HIT believes that after this the gals will be content to sit at home and let their men bring home the bacon.



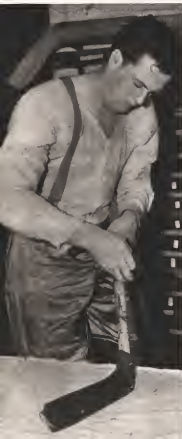
Pipe the satisfied look on Mr. Pork. Looks like he's glad
he went the whole hog.



Above: The uniform didn't fool this youngster. He knows it's Sergeant Hank Greenberg. Below: Murray Patrick, New York Ranger hockey star, turns to a bigger job.



Lieut. Commander Gene Tunney, right, (he was once quite a boxer himself, remember?) swears star pitcher Bobby Feller into the Navy.



Below, center: Billy Conn will skip the rope jumping until the Rising Sun sets. Below, right: Freddie Cochrane smiles confidently as he contemplates what's in store for Adolf, Benny and the little Brown Breed.

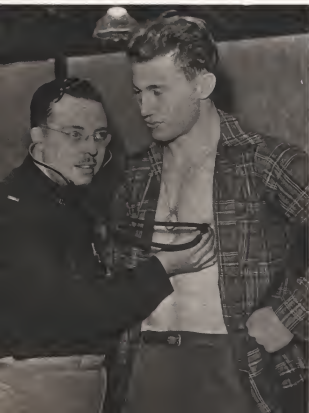
FIT AS A FIDDLE AND READY FOR FIGHTIN'

THERE never was any doubt about which country produced the greatest athletes. (See Olympic Game records.) So when bombs burst over Hawaii, the finest sportsmen in the world sprang into action. Star baseballer Bobbie Feller put away his pitcher's glove—Gridiron Hero Frank Reagan tucked the pigskin away in his locker—Brown Bomber Joe Louis dusted off his gloves—Murray Patrick wiped off his favorite hockey stick—Popular Billy Conn said farewell to the boxing ring—Detroit's Hank Greenberg hurried back to camp—"Whizzer" White took his place in the first line of defense—Welterweight Champ Freddie Cochrane saluted the flag, joined the Navy. They were ready and eager to do their bit for Uncle Sam. America salutes you—True Sportsmen—and all members of the United States armed forces. You Remember Pearl Harbor. And we're mighty proud of you. The best of luck to you all. And good hunting!



A salute to the flag from Frank Reagan, last year's University of Pennsylvania backfield star, this year a United States Marine.

Army physician Lieut. Ivan C. Berlian checks Byron "Whizzer" White's ticker, former star footballer "A fine physical specimen." Listen Doc, we know that all along.



Below: Dr. Herbert A. Turner measures Heavyweight Champ Joe Louis' chest. Looks like you'll have to get yourself a bigger tape measure, Doc.





KEEP THE HOME LIPS SMILING

A German officer wanted to buy a jackass from a Belgian peasant. "What do you call this animal?" he demanded. "Loopold?"

"Oh, no, sir, that would be an insult to our King." The peasant laughed. "What do you mean by laughing? Do you dare call this animal Hitler?"

"Oh, no sir, I wouldn't insult my little beast."

NICE MISS: "I don't want to make a play for the Lieutenant just because he has lots of money."

FRIEND: "No, why not?"

NICE MISS: "Well, I guess I will have to; someone will have to cure him of spending it on himself."

CAMP HOSTESS (Officially): "Soldier you know you shouldn't whistle while on duty."

SOLDIER: "I'm not whistling. I'm paging the Major's dog."

SCHOLAR: "According to the Shinto faith the Mikado is the son of the rising sun."

STUDENT: "No, you're all wrong—it's the dog star."

ENLISTED LOVER (asking for best gal's hand): "I want to be honest, sir. I can't support your daughter on my pay."

PROSPECTED POP: "Don't worry, son, I can't support her either."

SHE: "Darling didn't I hear a cigar crack in your pocket?"

HE: "Cigar, nothing Baby, that's my rib."

STUDENT (to Prof): "Has Christianity made any impression upon the Japanese?"

PROF: "Well, all I can say is that they have certainly learned to double cross."

The O.D. (officer of the day to you) was making his rounds and came upon a new sentry who yelled out "Halt."

The officer waited for the neat phrase "Who's there?" but instead heard nothing. After a few seconds he yelled to the sentry.

"Come on, what're the rest of your orders?"

Back came a flat impressive tone.

"I'm to say Halt just once more and then shoot."

WAGON SOLDIER: "Say, when's this war going to end?"

DOUGHBODY: "I don't know but we've planted daffydils all around our harricks."

WAGON SOLDIER: "Daffydils. Hell, we've set out century plants."

HER BROTHER: "Sergeant did you work in a museum before you joined the Army?"

SERGEANT: "No."

HER BROTHER: "That's funny; Ma says you look like a freak."

MAJOR: "My wife's put our home on war schedule."

CAPTAIN: "How's that, sir?"

MAJOR: "Eight hours for fighting, eight hours for sleeping and eight hours to listen to the war news."

"You want the job? We start you off at \$8,000 a week and a \$50,000 bonus."

NEW YORK TIMES, JULY 18
"We should have been hard at work building up a military air force two years ago."

COMFORTER: "Never despair; somewhere the sun is shining."
GOB: "Oh, yeah and if you go deep enough there is solid ground at the bottom of the sea."

COLONEL (at maneuvers to private who broke from rear ranks to avoid dust): "Get back in place, my man. Don't you know your duty is to love your country?"

ROOKIE: "Yes, sir, Colonel, but I don't love it enough to eat it."

An Umpire at the recent maneuvers was not after the scalp of the famous First Division. As one company after another reached him he would dart out of ambush and yell out—

"You're dead. You've walked right smack into an artillery barrage. Get out and lay down under those trees—out of action."

While the corpses were waiting a stolid Swede from a M.G. Company came up the road, marching alone.

"Get out of the road—you're dead! You're dead!" howled the umpire, getting angrier as the Swede moved on, without regarding him. Rushing after him the umpire grabbed his shoulder, and yelled louder: "Didn't you hear me tell you that you're dead—that artillery is firing on you?"

The Swede brushed the hand away and kept royally on.

"I have 100 ton tank on order."

GIRL FRIEND: "When are you going to marry him?"

FIANCEE: "Well, I don't know. He sends me such lovely presents I hate to marry him while his money lasts."

WISE GUY: "Women've got a lot more sense than men."

STOOGE: "How's that?"

WISE GUY: "Well, a man when he finds he is getting bald goes out and buys hair restorer while a woman whose locks get thin goes right out and buys hair."

VISITING WREN: "Tell me Gladys. Honestly, did you return his ring when you broke your engagement to the Sergeant?"

EX-DARLING: "Certainly not. My feelings towards the ring didn't change."

MESS OFFICER: "I say, Steward, there's a fly in the soup."

STEWART: "He must be a Japanese beetle, just beating the gun."

A lot of people who have been waiting for their ship to come in are blaming the failure to arrive upon the U hosts.

BUCK: "Say, Corporal, what are ancestors?"

CORPORAL: "Well your dad was one and your grandpop was another."

BUCK: "After seeing them I don't think having ancestors is anything to brag about."

Chief Petty Officer (to visiting frail): Excuse me; it's eight bells. I have to go below for my watch.

V.F. Your watch? Fancy it striking so loud as that.



"All I can say is cut out lettuce, carrots, cabbage and rabbit foods in general."



Mel Casson

"The children just adore her."



Lonnie was sitting under an umbrella, enjoying the California sunshine when she spied the disturbing news.

The ladder was a little shaky, so Lonnie held on tight.

HOW TO KEEP THE BOYS DOWN ON THE FARM

THE first item Lonnie Darlene read in her newspaper this morning was an announcement by the army that it was releasing many of its farmer draftees since they were more necessary on the farm ground than the parade ground. Lonnie immediately said "Tsk, tsk," and wrote to her congressman to keep one farmer boy in the army and she would plant in his stead. Then she scurried around buying a hoe, a rake, a ladder, a shovel, two playsuits and a sweater. Her shopping completed, she jumped into her new clothes ("beauty in women aids national morale") and ran out to dig a garden. The shovel was pretty heavy, so she dragged out the hose to soften the dirt, so she could dig. Lonnie's fingernails began to get black and her nice new manicure was ruined. She hurried back to wash her hands and decided to change her dress. Then she climbed the ladder and started to prune the bushes but the gardener threatened to leave if she continued, so Lonnie went sadly back into the house. "Dear Mr. Congressman," she wrote. "P.S. Please let that little farmer boy go home. I'm not much good at raising vegetables. I'm starting a rock garden."

She decided that water would soften the ground so she dragged out the hose and turned it on.



It's not so easy
Lonnie decided.



Scissors in one hand, Lonnie began
blithely to prune the bushes.



"Woodlady, spare that tree . . .
or else!" the gardener said.



So Lonnie ended
up with a rock
garden.





Private First Class James Burdette licks the spoon as he tests the flavor of a bowl of cake icing.

What woman would measure everything down to the last ounce. Or make such a grim business of baking?



A student gives that final touch. How long does it take to bake a cake? We wouldn't know. But we're sure it only takes a second to gobble it up.



COOK'S TOUR OF THE ARMY

"COMON over after school, guys. Pop baked a chocolate cake!" is very likely to be the cry of the next generation. For this man's army believes firmly that soldiers travel on their stomachs and is making sure that those stomachs are plenty full — of good things. The United States Army has twelve schools for cooks and bakers, and its top-notch students take post-graduate work in baking and cooking. With over five thousand eager men learning the intricacies of cakes and pies, every mother's son is sure to get his share of goodies to satisfy his sweet tooth. When this war is over, after we grind the Axis into little bits, the next batch of girls will inquire anxiously, not, "Can you support me?" but "Can you bake a cherry pie?" And lief as not (at least for five thousand lucky girls) the answer will be, "Sure, I learned how in the Army." So fear not, dear mother, your son is eating more and maybe (pardon us!) even better cakes than you ever attempted. And if you must send that devilsfood cake out, mail it to us. We could do with a hunk of devilsfood right now.

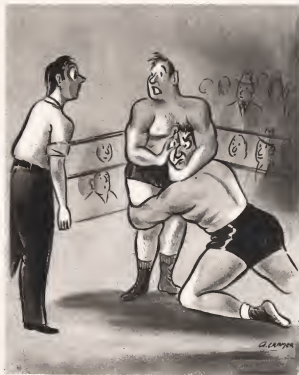
Is your mouth watering? Ours is, as Private First Class Walter Moll eats his fill.

As good as any professional caterers are these boys at Fort Sheridan, Ill., where these photos were taken.



The army cooks are constantly trying to improve their products, Instructor Sergeant Kenneth Ludvigson mixes, Lieut. Courtney Smith, Assistant Com. reads.





"He keeps whispering nasty names in my ear!"

A veteran member of a C.C.C. Camp had a bad habit of getting drunk on pay day.

On his way to inspect camp a high official saw the veteran prostrate alongside the road.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Sir, I was hit by a rattlesnake."

Sensing an opportunity to do a good deed and have some fun, the visitor took his veteran in the car and turned him over to the Camp Surgeon—a specialist in treating snake bite.

After looking at the small wound on the veteran's arm which the patient insisted had been inflicted by a rattlesnake the surgeon gave him plenty of anti-snake bite serum, and, etc.—making the vet the sickest man in camp.

Next week when the vet went out again, his Company, to have some fun, stole a rattlesnake that the Camp Surgeon had preserved in alcohol and put it under the vet's blankets—staying awake to watch the effect on his return.

Staggering into the barracks the Vet, instead of crawling into bed, turned down his covers and saw the snake coiled up on his sheet. Then—to the amazement of his comrades, he picked up the reptile and threw it out the door, saying:

"Git ter hell outta here. Didn't I have enough trouble with you last week?"

AN INFANTRY IDEA OF A KISS
First a reconnaissance, then a meeting engagement, followed by a double envelopment and contact, maintaining heavy pressure upon the objective.

SHE: I think a soldier is so wonderful.

HE (coldly): I'm a Marine.

JEST A JOKE O' TWO

HE: "I could just die dancing."
SHE (looking at her suffering slip-pers): "Well I think I've been wounded fatally."

At maneuvers in Louisiana, while a Red Company was hugging its hasty trenches against theoretical artillery and machine gun fire, a young private, with his rifle and bayonet raised at the charge suddenly rose from his shelter and madly ran across the (theoretically) hulled and shell swept field towards the opposing line.

"Of course," said his Colonel later, "What you did was wrong militarily speaking but I must compliment you upon your initiative and courage. Had it been a real engagement your example might have inspired your comrades to follow you. By the way what gave you the idea to rise from your trench and charge the enemy by yourself?"

"Sir," said the honest private, "I sat down in a red ants nest."

Motto for Anti-Aircraft Batteries:
WHATEVER GOES UP MUST COME DOWN.

*Get the axe for the Axis,
Said the German rooster
To the Japanese hen,
"Dot vous ein hot egg
Dat you laid mein friend"
But said the Japanese hen
To the German rooster
"If you don't help me quick
I'll be a gone goose-ster."*

SOLDIER (Hopefully): "Haven't I seen you someplace before?"

SHE: "Well, I was there."

Sonnyboy—said the Vet—you've got nothing to worry about and I can prove it.

First of all if you don't get drafted why then you stay at home and so there's nothing to worry about then. However, if you do get drafted why you're in the best army in the world and that isn't anything to worry about. If you don't get sent to the front there's nothing to worry about. But if you do get sent to the front why you'll be too busy to start worrying and if you don't get wounded there's no cause for worry from that angle. However, if you do get wounded why you'll get sent back to a nice quiet hospital with a pretty nurse and so you've got nothing to worry about there. Then if you should get killed why you'll know nothing about it and so why worry about that. That's why I say take it from me first to last you got nothing at all to worry about.

DATE (on boardwalk): "My, don't that popcorn smell nice."

PVT. HARD CASH: "Well, let's move a little closer—dear and then you can smell it better."

IN-SPEC-TION
(Battalion Commander looking over display of Pvt. Scagg's.)
"Toothbrush?"
"Yes, sir."
"Toilet kit?"
"Yes, sir."
"Housewife?"
"Oh, she's fine and how's your own missus?"



"Where's my diary?"





This ain't no picture post card, boys—it's the real McCoy from Texas. They call it "Wadin' in the Shadin'." Below: This is the kind of school you'd like to go to—we bet.



TWO LITTLE TOTS FROM TEXAS

*Texas for pretty gals, Texas for sun
Texas for real pals, Texas for fun*

SO RUNS an ancient Southern proverb; and here are Georgia and Jody to prove it. They're from Dallas, boys, and they've got the South in their mouth. Some places believe in readin' and writin' and 'rithmetic but Georgia and Jody prefer swimmin' and flyin' and ridin'. It's always summertime in Texas and it wasn't hard work at all to snap these pictures of typical Texas girls rounding out a day. (Whatta you mean hard work?) Some folks in New York say that half the pretty models are Texas born and we all know that Hollywood is full of Lone Star State beauties—but it looks like they've still got plenty down there. Say, Mr. Railroad Man, how about me exchangin' that ticket I bought for Florida to a nice pink one tagged—"One way to Dallas?"

Ridin' over hill and dale. Say, who are those guys Hill and Dale anyway?





Somebody wanted to caption this picture, "Angels Without Waterwings" but we wouldn't let 'em, would we?



HIT!

MISS MARIANNE BAXTER
Glamorous New York Show Girl





Crack rifle range instructors, Gunnery Sergeant R. D. Chaney of Crane, Texas; Sergeant M. W. Billing of Detroit, Michigan; Gunnery Sergeant T. E. Barrier of Statesville, North Carolina; Sergeant M. J. Holland of Freemont, Missouri.



“SEND US MORE JAPS!”

WAR makes heroes. During the first weeks of the war with Japan a gallant band of three hundred Marines turned back the onslaught of countless Japanese troops and aircraft for days. Then came an official radio message from United States Headquarters asking them what they needed. The reply was destined to be heard 'round the world. It was, "Send us more Japs!" Traditionally always

the first to reach the scene of action, Wake Island's staunch defenders had added a second slogan to America's war in the Pacific—the first being, "Remember Pearl Harbor." The pictures on the pages show the making of a Marine. The verse on the opposite page has been sung by Marines the world over, will now thrill the hearts of Americans as they remember Wake Island's courageous "Devildogs."

Every other day is wash day for the United States Marines in training. Watch out, Japs, they'll clean you up too.



Paris Island, South Carolina, Marines perfect a fine sight as they take part in drills.





THE MARINE'S HYMN

*Here's health to you and to our corps,
Which we are proud to serve
In many a strife we've fought for life
And never lost our nerve
If the Army and the Navy
Ever look on Heaven's scenes
They will find the Streets are guarded
By United States Marines.*



"Here come the Marines!" These boys are ready for service on land or sea, will in World War II play a major role in victory as they have in every war since their nation was born.



A perfect sight is part of the training of United States Marines at Paris Island, South Carolina. Warning: Dictators Beware!





George Brown, left, ex-president of the International Alliance of Theatrical and Stage Employees is shown with his West Coast representative, Willie Bioff, as they arrived at Federal Court for words with "Uncle Sam."

"A MILLION FOR ME and A MILLION FOR GEORGE"

THE AMAZING STORY OF THE "B. AND B. BOYS"—WILLIE BIOFF AND GEORGE BROWN AND THEIR MILLION DOLLAR RACKET

By R. G. DIANE

WILLIE (The Lug) Bioff and George (Gimme Another Shot of Bourbon) Browne, two fat, fortyish gentlemen of questionable past and even more doubtful present, met at a bar one afternoon late in 1929 in the "Holy City," Cicero, Illinois. As you know, Cicero was the hallowed of Al Capone, Chicago's beer and murder baron, and its speakeries were the habitat of the most imposing array of rod artists ever assembled by a criminal genius. Willie Bioff and George Browne fitted perfectly into the evil milieu each was five feet, eight inches and two hundred pounds of roughness, toughness and nastiness.

The two had just been formally introduced by one of Capone's hoodlum lieutenants. What they had in common was that they were both working for the Big Boy, Willie in the girl racket, which was one of the subsidiaries of the Capone enterprises, and Browne as a strongarm assistant of all work with a roving commission. But Willie and George, as they pressed their bulk against the mahogany, weren't long in discovering that there was a deeper bond between them. They just clicked with each other after a preliminary size-up and decided that if they teamed they could go places, more or less on their own.

Both Willie and George (or Jumbo, as he was often called) were Windy City tenement boys who had come to eminence and affluence by virtue of the power they packed in their fists and the craftiness that inhabited their brains. Willie had been a bartender and the superintendent of a brickyard

before devoting himself to supplying entertainment to lonesome men. Jumbo, who had once been a stagehand, had focused his talents with a view to making a racket out of organized labor, and was a member in good standing of the Chicago local of the moving picture theatre projectionists' union, which in turn was tied up with the International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees and Moving Picture Machine Operators of America. To save time, and wear and tear on vocal apparatus, the International union was called the I.A.T.S.E. or more briefly still, the I.A. This organization comprised a membership of well over one hundred thousand workers, including those in the Hollywood movie studios.

Ab, Hollywood! The magic of the name had long appealed to Jumbo and, when Browne told Willie the Lug that phase of the story, it set sparks off in Bioff's mind, too. Why couldn't the two of them, they wondered, somehow really born into this union in a big way by fair means or foul, preferably foul, use it as a club over the heads of the fabulously rich Hollywood studios, and get their mitts on some real gravy. Why not, indeed?

As the boys warmed up to their plans for the future, they envisioned themselves living in opulent California mansions which would be lousy with Jap servants and where the graft would be rolling in faster than they could count it. "Tell you what you do, George," said Willie, over a bottle of bourbon one day. "You start god-hand-in' everybody in that union you belong to, an' build yaseff up."

"The idea bein'?"

"You gonna be head of the whole works."

"President?" asked Jumbo.

Willie nodded until his two chins made three. "President," he said.

Bioff's roscate dreams were shattered, at least temporarily, when the Chicago grandlames, in a sudden burst of alertness, hauled his fat hide off to the bridewell. Willie the Lug was charged with an offense, the official word applied to a go-between who brings love partners together for a profit. The best bid plans of mice and mouthpieces often go awry and Willie the racketeer found himself contemplating a year in the jug. When he still had six months to go, he began breathing freedom's air again, pending an appeal. The appeal was denied and Willie by rights should have gone back to the clink, but he was in hiding. That is to say, he wasn't hanging out around Cicero anymore, but transferred his well-dressed presence to Chicago's Loop. There Willie, now conniving again with Jumbo Browne as to how best to seize control of the international union, circulated in the very brightest of after-dark spots and the astigmatism of the duly conciliated authorities must have been very bad indeed in order for them to have overlooked Willie for Bioff was daily as obvious as a horse in a bathroom.

Oh, well, we can't concern ourselves with small things like six months in the hoosegow. Certainly Willie wasn't concerned. He was too busy, with Jumbo, going around as Jumbo's personal representative extending five fat fingers in gestures of good-will among

members of the union. The union projectionists, like the rank and file of all union men, were decent, hard-working guys. But they were human, and allergic to promises of better working conditions and higher pay. Jumbo and Willie were promising them the moon and the adjacent territory thereof.

Let it be said on Jumbo's behalf that he had a way with him. He was a convincing talker, if ever you heard one, and he could summon up a phoney emotion to fit any occasion, particularly when there was something in it for him. He attended the union meetings, took the floor and made impassioned speeches on behalf of the working man, always pointing out that these rich Hollywood guys who made the movies that the projectionists ran off in hot, unhealthy booths, were wallowing in luxury and converting in the California sunshine. "We gotta do somethin' about it!" Jumbo would shout. He never got very specific about just what action he intended to take for when he made such a crack Willie the Chape Leader, sitting down front, would start a round of applause that was heartily joined in by Cicero friends planted in the audience. Many a projectionist at such a meeting, who hardly shared the somewhat spurious enthusiasm for Browne and who refused to join in the applause, found himself in a disconcerting position of having a rough-looking guy next to him nudge him, plower and rasp, "Why ain't you clappin'!"

Browne and Bioff knew that Rome wasn't built in a day and that, by the same token, Jumbo couldn't be magnified to the stature of a national labor

leader in a short space of time. But the boys kept hammering away with closed-body punches, and when the International Alliance held its convention in Louisville, Kentucky in 1933 they were all set to go. A detective taking a gander at some of the mugs encountered in the lobby of the convention hotel would have had to pinch himself to make sure that he wasn't in Cicero. Willie the Importer, operating on behalf of his chum, Jumbo, had hired a special train to transport an army of former laborers in the Capone vineyard to the blue grass country for the express purpose of using whatever tactics were necessary to see that the vote for the new president was "right."

And it was right. Jumbo Browne left Louisville for Chicago as president of a union comprising more than a hundred thousand highly skilled workers. Now he and Willie were almost ready to begin the operations they had planned for so long. There was just one fly in the ointment, in the form of a gentleman named Malloy, who happened to be president of the Chicago local. Not long after the Louisville convention, however, Mr. Malloy died. "Death was very sudden," Willie said when he went around announcing the demise. It so happened that there was a clause in the international union constitution which gave the president emergency powers in the event of an unfortunate situation like the one in the Windy City. And you may be sure that President Browne exercised those emergency powers before the earth was hard over the dead local leader's grave. Jumbo just assumed the local as well as the national leadership, and Willie the Trumpet went around blowing off about what a great local leader the president would make and how very fortunate indeed it was that Jumbo, at great personal sacrifice, was taking on added work on behalf of the projectionists.

Not long after the president had assumed his extraordinary powers, Willie the Caller visited the office of the executive of a chain of motion picture theatres in Chicago. "The name's Biot," said Willie. "I'm here representing President Browne of the I.A. and the local."

"Yes?" said the puzzled executive. "Yes, hell!" said Willie. "Doncha know why I'm here?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," was the truthful response.

"Come on! Come on!" said Biot (pronounced Buy-off, with the accent on the first syllable). "Stop playing the fool. We want dough or we'll sell every projectionist out of every one of your tee-at-ers."

"This is a hold-up!" stormed the executive. "It's bribery!" Willie plumped his huge frame in an upholstered chair, hit off the end of a fifty-cent cigar, smiled and said, "How you name it don't make no difference. It's goin' to cost you just fifteen grand to keep open."

The executive tried to reason with Biot. He asked his visitor what would happen if he, the executive, told members of the union what their leader and his representative were pulling. Willie didn't even blink. "You know where the Chicago River is?" he asked.

"What's that got to do with it?" was the snapping answer of the outraged man.

"That's what'll happen if you start singin'," said Willie the Threatener. "The Chicago River—for you."

The theatre executive, stunned after Willie walked out, giving him twenty-four hours to think things over, weighed in the Chicago River against the thousand dollars—and the money won,

It was all wrapped up and waiting for Willie when the union president's representative called the next day. "You're a smart fella," said Biot in departing.

The B. and B. Boys, as Browne and Biot were now known in certain circles, were elated at the initial success of their campaign against the Chicago theatre owners. Of course they regarded the fifteen grand as peanuts; they were thinking in millions. It was the ease with which the operation had been carried out that appealed to them. The next figure they arrived at was thirty thousand, and the victim was to be another Chicago theatre chain.

Again assuming the role of Willie the Caller, Biot stood in the outer offices of an executive of the second chain. The girl at the reception desk attached no significance to the name that the fat visitor gave. She said that she doubted if the executive would have time to see him. "Huh!" snorted Willie. "That's a bot one! No time! Look, girly, you chase in there and tell that guy—he'll take time!"

Indeed the executive did take time, for he had heard Willie's booming, threatening tones even before he saw Willie. Biot got right down to business after identifying himself. "Wooden" it be awful if a strike was called on the men was pulled outta the loophole?

"Yes," came the answer. "That would be serious; our theatres would lose revenue that they could never make up."

"S-say," said Willie. "You catch on?" The smile on Biot's countenance vanished and he said shortly, "Thirty thousand'll fix everything."

"I don't understand you."

Willie looked flustered. "First you do, then you don't," he said. "You want me to draw a map or something?"

Now Biot made himself explicit. When he left another theatre executive was trying to decide whether it would be better to call in the Chicago River. He found out the next day that it was money.

The B. and B. Boys began going through Chicago's movie theatre world, collecting, played-out operations of sums varying from ten to thirty thousand dollars. It all depended on what the traffic would bear. "I feel sorry for you little guys," Willie would often explain when he put the bite on a small chain. More than a year passed, and Willie and Jumbo were still at it. Up to this time, Jumbo was going through the motions of being a very busy and sincere union executive. His nose was stilled closed so far as the matter of his actually collecting the graft went. While he was splitting the swag down the middle with Willie, his betrayal of his trust could never have been proved in court.

Browne often developed signs of chilled pedal extremities and asked Biot how he could be sure that none of the victims would squawk. "George," Willie would assure him, "you got nothing to worry about. Nohin'. That Chicago River line gets 'em all—and when Willie gets 'em, they stay got."

After two years of operations in Chicago, during which time the union mopped up just about an even two hundred grand, the B. and B. Boys decided to move on to New York. All this was in the nature of a prelude to Hollywood, where the union could use the capital and the opulent life out there remained their ultimate goal. But New York, with its many successful theatres, was so ripe for a nice plucking.

As personal representative of the international union president, Willie made it a point to visit the projectionists' booths in many of Gotham's leading



Joseph Schend, Chairman of Twentieth Century Fox Corporation, leaves court with his lawyer, Jerry Giesler. Executive Schenck wondered about the "B. and B. Boys," learned that they weren't paying "social" calls.

movie palaces by way of a personal inspection of working conditions. While this was going on, Browne, who was actually a three-bottle-a-day man, was spending most of his time in the swankier bar rooms, downing bourbon to his heart's content. The amazing thing about Jumbo was that while he was never sober he was never drunk. For years he had started the day off with a water tumblerrful of bourbon, then tapered down gradually until he was only taking a small drink by dinner time, then increased his dosage until he wound up with another tumblerrful as a night-cap.

Willie called on the executive of a chain of theatres in metropolitan New York. After identifying himself, his opening question was, "You ever been in the projection booth on so-and-so Street?" The executive couldn't say that he had.

"It's awful hot there," said Willie. "Now if the fella woman there takes it into his nut to quit, maybe all the men will come out the booths in your other tee-at-ers."

"I do—no get it," said the executive. "I do—and you will," said Willie. Biot thereupon explained that it was going to cost just twenty-five thousand dollars if the chain did not want a serious interruption in the projection of the entertainment it dispensed to the paying customers. Both Browne and Biot knew that they had a potent weapon in the projectionists; they also knew that the projectionists, honest, decent fellows, had not the slightest idea of the game that was being played. For

Browne and Biot had practically no overhead. Occasionally they would give some former Capone mug five hundred or so to tell someone they had just shaken down to make sure that he didn't visit any public buildings where stenographers took down official statements for guys like, for example, Tom Dewey, the racket buster.

During the year of 1936 Jumbo and Willie took in another two hundred grand in New York, making their total since Browne had pummeled his way into the presidency, of four hundred grand in graft.

Now that the Chicago and New York fields were pretty well harvested, the B. and B. Boys jumped on a plane and went to the Pacific Coast. There Browne set up elaborate offices in the Taft Building, at Hollywood and Vine in Hollywood, and he and his sidekick announced that they would be pleased to be shown around the studios where so many thousands of the union hands worked.

It was a grand tour. The boys first went out to the great Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Culver City and if the M-G-M lion had known what was in their minds he would certainly have roared a warning. Both the president and his personal representative made a great hit in Culver City. The union employees thought they were very democratic fellows, indeed, to be in such exalted posts. Willie often shot crap with some of the electricians, won their money with loaded dice, and then gave it back to them with a grand gesture.

(Continued on page 32)

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